

M Richard Johnson

THE
ENCHANTED FRUIT,

A
T A L E.

CORRECTIONS:

Throughout for *Dropady* read *Draupady*.

p. 10. l. 5. read *Nacul*.

p. 12. l. 11. read *Séwty*.

p. 14. l. 2. read her.

— l. 7. read *Gocul*.

p. 18. l. 13. read

When I with *Aśwatthāma* fought,

p. 19. l. 16. read

From *Dbriteráshira*'s guileful son,

p. 20. l. 3. read Proud.

p. 21. l. 4. read *Amrit*.

— l. 6. read *Catels*.

p. 22. l. 13. read *Náryal*.

p. 23. l. 12. read *Indraprest*.

p. 24. l. 11. read her.

p. 28. l. 2. read *Checra*.

from Sir W. Jones.

THE
ENCHANTED FRUIT,

OR THE

HINDU WIFE;

AN

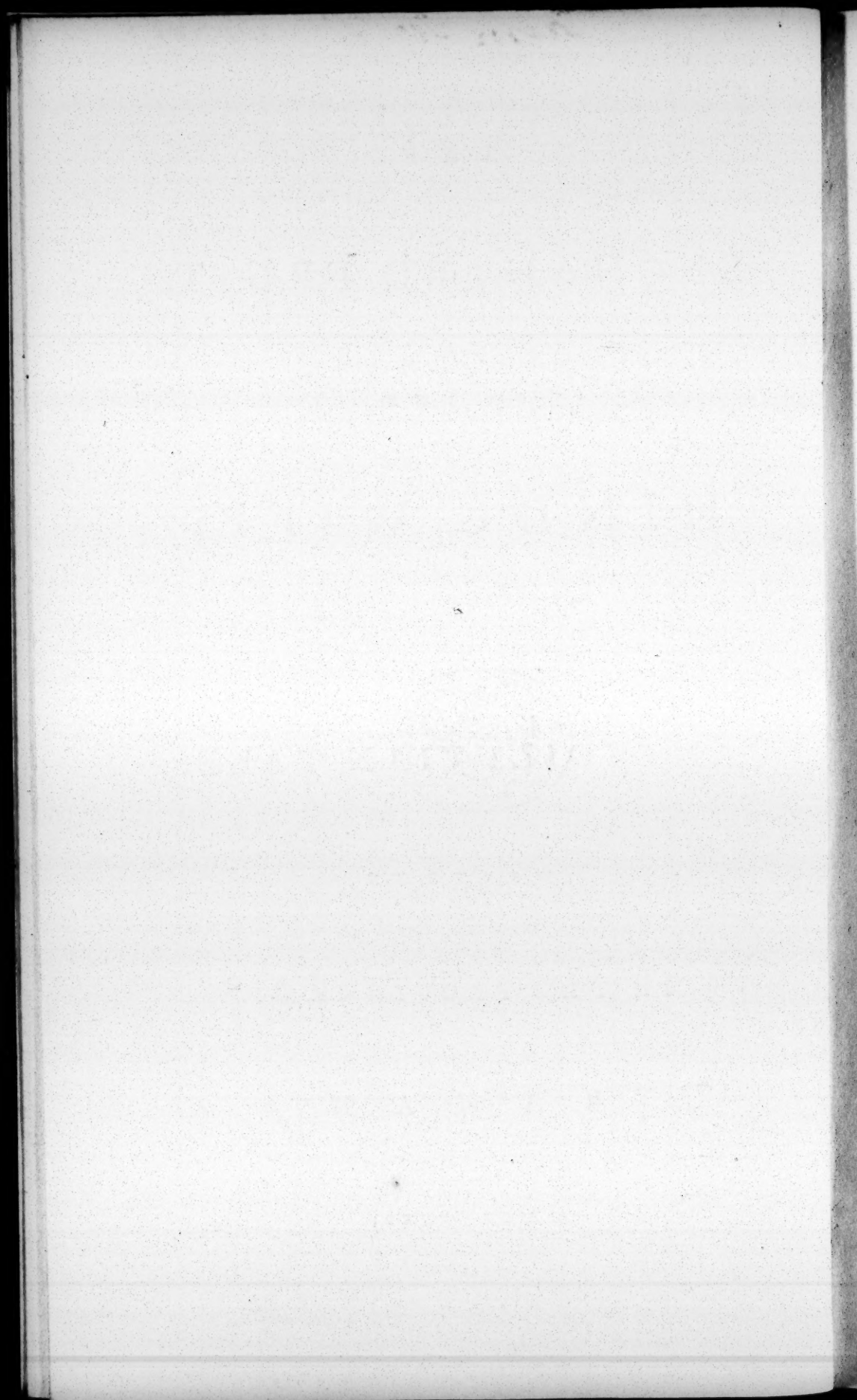
ANTEDILUVIAN TALE:

WRITTEN

IN THE PROVINCE OF

B A H A R.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.



THE
ENCHANTED FRUIT;
OR THE
HINDU WIFE.

‘O lovely age, (a) by *Brahmens* fam’d
‘ Pure *Setye Yug* (b) in *Sanfcrit* nam’d!
‘ Delightful! Not for cups of *gold*,
‘ Or wives *a thousand centuries* old;
‘ Or men, degenerate now and small,
‘ Then *one and twenty cubits* tall:

(a) A parody on the Ode in *Taffo’s Aminta*, beginning, *O bella età dell’ oro!*

(b) The *Golden Age* of the *Hindus*.

- ‘ Not that plump *cows* full udders bore,
- ‘ And bowls with *holy curd* (c) ran o’er;
- ‘ Not that, by Deities defended
- ‘ *Fish, Boar, Snake, Lion*, (d) heav’n-descended,
- ‘ Learn’d *Pendits*, now grown sticks and clods,
- ‘ Redde fast the *Nagry of the Gods* (e)
- ‘ And laymen, faithful to *Narayn* (f)
- ‘ Believ’d in *Brahmá’s* myftick ftain; (g)
- ‘ Not that all Subjects spoke plain truth,
- ‘ While *Rajas* cherifh’d eld and youth,

(c) Called *Joghrát*, the food of CRISHNA in his infancy and youth.

(d) The four first *Avatárs*, or *Incarnations* of the *Divine Spirit*.

(e) The *Sanscrit*, or *Sengscrit*, is written in letters so named.

(f) *Narayn* or *Náráyan*, the *spirit* of GOD.

(g) The *Vayds*, or *Sacred Writings* of *Brahma*, called *Rig, Sám, and Yejar*: doubts have been raised concerning the authority of the *fourth*, or *At’her-ven*, *Vayd*.

- ‘ No—yet delightful times! because
- ‘ *Nature* then reign’d, and *Nature’s Laws*;
- ‘ When females of the softest kind
- ‘ Were unaffected, unconfin’d;
- ‘ And this grand rule from none was hidden; (*b*)
- ‘ WHAT PLEASETH, HATH NO LAW FORBIDDEN.’

THUS, with a lyre in *India* strung,
Aminta’s poet would have sung;
 And thus too, in a modest way,
 All virtuous males will sing or say:
 But swarthy nymphs of *Hindústan*
 Look deeper than short-sighted man,
 And thus, in some poetick chime,
 Would speak with reason, as with rhyme:

(*b*) “ Se piace, ei lice.” *Tasso*.

- ‘ O lovelier age, by *Brahmens* fam’d,
- ‘ Gay *Dwápar Yug* (i) in *Sanfrit* nam’d!
- ‘ Delightful! though impure with *brafs*
- ‘ In many a green ill-scented mass;
- ‘ Though husbands, but *few’n* cubits high,
- ‘ Must in a *thousand summers* die;
- ‘ Though, in the lives of dwindled men,
- ‘ *Ten* parts were Sin; Religion, *ten*;
- ‘ Though *cows* would rarely fill the pail,
- ‘ But made th’ expected creambowl fail;
- ‘ Though lazy *Pendits* ill could read
- ‘ (No care of ours) their *Yejar Veid*;
- ‘ Though *Rajas* look’d a little proud,
- ‘ And *Ranics* rather spoke too loud;
- ‘ Though *Gods*, display’d to mortal view
- ‘ In mortal forms, were only *two*;

(i) The *Brazen Age*, or that in which Vice and Virtue were in *equal* proportion.

- ‘ (Yet CRISHNA, (*k*) fweetest youth, was one,
- ‘ *Crishna*, whose cheeks outblaz’d the sun)
- ‘ Delightful, ne’ertheless! because
- ‘ Not bound by vile unnatural laws,
- ‘ Which curse this age from *Cáley* (*l*) nam’d,
- ‘ By some base woman-hater fram’d.
- ‘ Prepost’rous! that one bipped vain
- ‘ Should drag ten house-wives in his train,
- ‘ And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
- ‘ Slaves to weak lust or potent rage!
- ‘ Not such the *Dwápar Yug*! oh then
- ‘ ONE BUXOM DAME MIGHT WED FIVE MEN.’

TRUE History, in solemn terms,
This Philosophick lore confirms;

(*k*) The *Apo’lo* of *India*.

(*l*) The *Earthen Age*, or that of *Caly* or *Impurity*:
this verse alludes to *Cáley*, the *Hecate* of the *Indians*.

For *India* once, as now cold *Tibet*, (m)
 A groupe unusual might exhibit,
 Of sev'ral husbands, free from strife,
 Link'd fairly to a single wife!
 Thus Botanists, with eyes acute
 To see prolifick dust minute,
 Taught by their learned northern *Brahmen* (n)
 To class by *pistil* and by *flamen*,
 Produce from nature's rich dominion
 Flow'rs *Polyandrian Monogynian*,
 Where embryo blossoms, fruits, and leaves
Twenty prepare, and ONE receives.

BUT, lest my word should nought avail,
 Ye Fair, to no unholy tale

(m) See the accounts published in the *Philosophical Transactions* from the papers of Mr. *Bogle*.

(n) *Linnaeus*.

Attend. (o) *Five thousand* years (p) ago,
 As annals in *Benares* shew,
 When *Pándu* Chiefs with *Curus* fought, (q)
 And each the throne imperial fought,
 Five brothers of the regal line
 Blaz'd high with qualities divine.
 The first a prince without his peer,
 Just, pious, lib'ral *Yudhishtir*; (r)

(o) The story is told by the *Jesuit* BOUCHET, in his Letter to HUET, Bishop of *Avranches*.

(p) A round number is chosen; but the *Caly Yug*, a little before which *Crisbna* disappeared from this world, began *four thousand, eight hundred, and eighty four* years ago, that is, according to our Chronologists, *seven hundred and forty seven* before the flood; and by the calculation of *M. Bailly*, but *four hundred and fifty four* after the foundation of the *Indian Empire*.

(q) This war, which *Crisbna* fomented in favour of the *Pandu Prince*, *Yudhishtir*, supplied *Vyás* with the subject of his noble Epick Poem, *Mahábhárat*.

(r) This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the preceding vowel is short in *Sengscrit*. The prince is called on the Coast *Dherme Ráj*, or Chief Magistrate.

Then *Erjun*, to the base a rod,
 An Hero favour'd by a *God*; (s)
Bheima, like mountain-leopard strong,
 Unrival'd in th' embattled throng,
 Bold *Nacal*, fir'd by noble flame
 To emulate fraternal fame;
 And *Sehdeo*, flush'd with manly grace,
 Bright virtue dawning in his face:
 To these a dame devoid of care,
 Blythe *Dropady*, the debonair,
 Renown'd for beauty, and for wit,
 In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit. (t)

(s) The *Geita*, containing *Instructions* to *Erjun*, was composed by *Crisbna*, who peculiarly distinguished him.

(t) *Yudhishtir* and *Dropady*, called *Drobada* by *M. Sonnerat*, are deified on the Coast; and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the *Procession of Fire*, because she passed every year from one of her five husbands to another, after a solemn purification by that element. In the *Bháshá* language, her name is written, *DRÓPTY*.

IT fortun'd, at an idle hour,
 This five-mal'd fingle-femal'd flow'r
 One balmy morn of fruitful May
 Through vales and meadows took its way.
 A low thatch'd mansion met their eye
 In trees umbrageous bosom'd high;
 Near it (no fight, young maids, for you)
 A temple rose to *Mahadew*. (u)
 A thorny hedge and reedy gate
 Enclos'd the garden's homely state;
 Plain in its neatness: thither wend
 The princes and their lovely friend.
 Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,
 Their odorif'rous breath dispenſe;
 From *Béla's* (w) pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,
 And *Málty* rich, they ſteal perfume:

(u) The *Indian* JUPITER.

(w) The varieties of *Bela*, and the *three* flowers next mentioned, are beautiful ſpecies of *Jafmin*.

There honey-scented *Singarhár*,
 And *Júhy*, like a rising star,
 Strong *Chempá*, darted by *Cámdew*,
 And *Mulfery* of paler hue,
Cayora, (x) which the *Ranies* wear
 In tangles of their filken hair,
 Round (y) *Bábul*-flow'rs, and *Gulachein*
 Dyed like the shell of Beauty's Queen,
 Sweet *Mindy* (z) press'd for crimson stains,
 And sacred *Tulfy*, (a) pride of plains,
 With *Súty*, small unblushing rose,
 Their odours mix, their tints disclose,
 And, as a gemm'd tiara, bright,
 Paint the fresh branches with delight.

(x) The *Indian* Spikenard.

(y) The *Mimosa*, or true *Acacia*, that produces the *Arabian* Gum.

(z) Called *Albhinná* by the *Arabs*.

(a) Of the kind called *Ocymum*.

ONE tree above all others tower'd
 With shrubs and saplings close imbower'd,
 For every blooming child of Spring
 Paid homage to the verdant King :
 Aloft a solitary fruit,
 Full sixty cubits from the root,
 Kiss'd by the breeze, luxuriant hung,
 Soft chrysolite with em'ralds strung.
 ' Try we, said *Erjun* indiscreet,
 ' If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet ;
 ' My shaft its parent stalk shall wound :
 ' Receive it, ere it reach the ground.'

SWIFT as his word, an arrow flew :
 The dropping prize besprent with dew
 The brothers, in contention gay,
 Catch, and on gather'd herbage lay.

THAT instant scarlet lightnings flash,
 And *Jemna's* waves his borders lash,
Criṣṇa from *Swerga's* (*b*) height descends,
 Observant of his mortal friends:
 Not such, as in his earliest years,
 Among his wanton cowherd peers,
 In *Gocal* or *Brindáben's* (*c*) glades,
 He sported with the dairy-maids;
 Or, having pip'd and danc'd enough,
 Clos'd the brisk night with *blindman's buff*; (*d*)
 (Lift, antiquaries, and record
 This pastime of the *Gopia's* Lord) (*e*)
 But radiant with ethereal fire:
Nared alone could bards inspire

(*b*) The heaven of *Indra*, or the Empyreum.

(*c*) In the district of *Mat'hura*, not far from *Agra*.

(*d*) This is told in the *Bhágawat*.

(*e*) *GOPY NAT'H*, a title of *Criṣṇa*, corresponding with *Nymphagetes*, an epithet of *Neptune*.

In lofty *Slokes* (*f*) his mien to trace,

And unimaginable grace.

With human voice, in human form,

He mildly spake, and hush'd the storm:

‘ O mortals, ever prone to ill!

‘ Too rashly *Erjun* prov'd his skill.

‘ Yon fruit a pious *Muny* (*g*) owns,

‘ Assistant of our heav'nly thrones.

‘ The golden pulp, each month renew'd,

‘ Supplies him with ambrosial food.

‘ Should he the daring archer curse,

‘ Not *Mentra* (*h*) deep, nor magick verse,

‘ Your gorgeous palaces could save

‘ From flames, your embers, from the wave.” (*i*)

(*f*) Tetraslicks without rhyme.

(*g*) An inspired Writer: *twenty* are so called.

(*h*) Incantation.

(*i*) This will receive illustration from a passage in the *Ramayan*: “ Even he, who cannot be slain by the
‘ ponderous arms of *Indra*, nor by those of *Cāly*, nor
‘ by the terrible *Checra*, (or *Discus*) of *Vishnu*, shall
‘ be destroyed, if a *Brahmen* execrate him, as if he
‘ were consumed by fire.”

THE princes, whom th' immod'rate blaze
 Forbids their fightless eyes to raise,
 With doubled hands his aid implore,
 And vow submission to his lore.

- ' One remedy, and simply one,
- ' Or take, said he, or be undone :
- ' Let each his crimes or faults confess,
- ' The greatest name, omit the less ;
- ' Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal ;
- ' No part must *Dropady* conceal :
- ' So shall the fruit, as each applies
- ' The faithful charm, *ten cubits* rise ;
- ' Till, if the dame be frank and true,
- ' It join the branch, where late it grew.'

He smil'd, and shed a transient gleam ;
 Then vanish'd, like a morning dream.

Now, long entrans'd, each waking brother
 Star'd with amazement on another,

Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,
 And pearly tears began to flow;
 When *rudishteir*, high-gifted man,
 His plain confession thus began.

- ‘ INCONSTANT fortune's wreathed smiles,
- ‘ *Duryódhen's* rage, *Duryódhen's* wiles,
- ‘ Fires rais'd for this devoted head,
- ‘ E'en poison for my brethren spread,
- ‘ My wand'rings through wild scenes of wo,
- ‘ And persecuted life, you know.
- ‘ Rude wassailers defil'd my halls,
- ‘ And riot shook my palace-walls,
- ‘ My treasures wasted. This and more
- ‘ With resignation calm I bore;
- ‘ But, when the late-descending god
- ‘ Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,

- ‘ When, by his counsel and his aid,
- ‘ Our banners danc’d, our clarions bray’d,
- ‘ (Be this my greatest crime confess’d)
- ‘ *Revenge* fate ruler in my breast:
- ‘ I panted for the tug of arms,
- ‘ For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms;
- ‘ Then had my shaft *Duryódhen* rent,
- ‘ This heart had glow’d with sweet content.’

HE ceas’d: the living gold upsprung,
And from the bank *ten* cubits hung.

- EMBOLDEN’D by this fair success,
Next *Erjun* hasten’d to confess:
- ‘ When with *Ashotahmán* I fought,
 - ‘ My noose the fell assassin caught;
 - ‘ My spear transfix’d him to the ground:
 - ‘ His giant limbs firm cordage bound:

- ‘ His holy thread extorted awe
- ‘ Spar’d by religion and by law;
- ‘ But, when his murd’rous hands I view’d
- ‘ In blameless kindred gore imbued,
- ‘ Fury my boiling bosom sway’d,
- ‘ And *Rage* unsheath’d my willing blade:
- ‘ Then, had not *Criſhna*’s arm divine
- ‘ With gentle touch ſuſpended mine,
- ‘ This hand a *Brahmen* had deſtroy’d,
- ‘ And vultures with his blood been cloy’d.’

THE fruit, forgiving *Erjun*’s dart,
Ten cubits roſe with eager ſtart.

FLUSH’D with ſome tints of honeſt ſhame,
Bheima to his confeſſion came:
 ‘ ’Twas at a feaſt for battles won
 ‘ From blind *Dhertraſhter*’s guileful ſon,

- ‘ High on the board in vases pil’d
- ‘ All vegetable nature smil’d:
- ‘ Pround *Anaras* (*k*) his beauties told,
- ‘ His verdant crown and studs of gold,
- ‘ To *Dallim* (*l*), whose soft rubies laugh’d
- ‘ Bursting with juice, that gods have quaff’d;
- ‘ Ripe *Kellas* (*m*) here in heaps were seen,
- ‘ *Kellas*, the golden and the green,
- ‘ With *Ambas* (*n*) priz’d on distant coasts,
- ‘ Whose birth the fertile *Ganga* boasts:
- ‘ (Some gleam like silver, some outshine
- ‘ Wrought ingots from *Bespara*’s mine)
- ‘ *Corindas* there, too sharp alone,
- ‘ With honey mix’d, impurpled shone;
- ‘ *Talfans* (*o*) his liquid crystal spread
- ‘ Pluck’d from high *Tara*’s tufted head;

(*k*) Ananas. (*l*) Pomegranate. (*m*) Plantains.
 (*n*) Mangos. (*o*) Palmyra-fruit.

- ‘ Round *Ĵamas*, (*p*) delicate as fair,
- ‘ Like rose-water perfum’d the air;
- ‘ Bright falvers high-rais’d *Comlas* (*q*) held
- ‘ Like topazes, which *Amret* (*r*) swell’d;
- ‘ While some delicious *Attas* (*s*) bore,
- ‘ And *Cottas* (*t*) warm, a sugar’d store;
- ‘ Others with *Béla’s* grains were heap’d,
- ‘ And mild *Papayas* honey-steep’d;
- ‘ Or sweet *Ajeírs* (*u*) the red and pale,
- ‘ Sweet to the taste and in the gale.
- ‘ Here mark’d we purest basons fraught
- ‘ With sacred cream and fam’d *Ĵoghbrát*;
- ‘ Nor saw we not rich bowls contain
- ‘ The *Chawla’s* (*w*) light nutritious grain,
- ‘ Some virgin-like in native pride,
- ‘ And some with strong *Haldea* (*x*) dyed,

(*p*) Rose-apples. (*q*) Oranges. (*r*) The Hindu Nectar.
 (*s*) Custard-apples. (*t*) Jaik-fruit. (*u*) Guayavas.
 (*w*) Rice. (*x*) Turmerick.

- ‘ Some tasteful to dull palates made
 ‘ If *Merich* (*y*) lend his fervent aid,
 ‘ Or *Langa* (*z*) shap’d like od’rous nails,
 ‘ Whose scent o’er groves of spice prevails,
 ‘ Or *Adda*, (*a*) breathing gentle heat,
 ‘ Or *Foutery* (*b*) both warm and sweet.
 ‘ *Supiary* (*c*) next, (in *Pána* (*d*) chew’d,
 ‘ And *Catha*, (*e*) with strong pow’rs endued,
 ‘ Mix’d with *Elachy’s* (*f*) glowing seeds,
 ‘ Which some remoter climate breeds)
 ‘ Near *Jeifel* (*g*) fate, like *Jeifel* fram’d
 ‘ Though not for equal fragrance nam’d;
 ‘ Last, *Nycal* (*h*), whom all ranks esteem,
 ‘ Pour’d in full cups his dulcet stream :
 ‘ Long I survey’d the doubtful board
 ‘ With each high delicacy stor’d;

(*y*) Indian Pepper. (*z*) Cloves. (*a*) Ginger. (*b*) Mace.
 (*c*) Areca-nut. (*d*) Betel-leaf. (*e*) What we call Ja-
 pan-earth. (*f*) Cardamums. (*g*) Nutmeg. (*h*) Coconut.

- ‘ Then freely gratified my soul,
- ‘ From many a dish, and many a bowl,
- ‘ Till health was lavish’d, as my time :
- ‘ *Intemp’rance* was my fatal crime.’

UPROSE the fruit; and now *mid-way* !
Suspended shone like blazing day.

NACAL then spoke: (a blush o’erspread
His cheeks, and conscious droop’d his head)
‘ Before *Duryódhen*, ruthless king,
‘ Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,
‘ With bright-arm’d ranks, by *Crishna* sent,
‘ Elate from *Inderprest* (i) I went
‘ Through *Eastern* realms; and vanquish’d all
‘ From rough *Almóra* to *Nipál*,

(i) DEHLY)

- ‘ Where ev’ry mansion, new or old,
- ‘ Flam’d with Barbarick gems and gold.
- ‘ Here shone with pride the regal stores
- ‘ On iv’ry roofs, and cedrine floors;
- ‘ There diadems of price unknown
- ‘ Blaz’d with each all-attracting stone;
- ‘ Firm diamonds, like fix’d honour true,
- ‘ Some pink, and some of yellow hue,
- ‘ Some black, yet not the less esteem’d;
- ‘ The rest like tranquil *femna* gleam’d,
- ‘ When in his bed the *Gopia* lave
- ‘ Betray’d by the pellucid wave.
- ‘ Like raging fire the ruby glow’d,
- ‘ Or soft, but radiant, water show’d;
- ‘ Pure amethysts, in richest ore
- ‘ Oft found, a purple vesture wore;

- ‘ Sapphirs, like yon etherial plain;
- ‘ Em’ralsds, like *Peipel* (*k*) fresh with rain;
- ‘ Gay topazes, translucent gold;
- ‘ Pale chrysolites of softer mould;
- ‘ Fam’d beryls, like the surge marine,
- ‘ Light-azure mix’d with modest green;
- ‘ Refracted ev’ry varying dye
- ‘ Bright as yon bow, that girds the sky.
- ‘ Here opals, which all hues unite,
- ‘ Display’d their many-tinctur’d light,
- ‘ With turcoises divinely blue,
- ‘ (Though doubts arise, where first they grew,
- ‘ Whether chaste elephantine bone
- ‘ By min’rals ting’d, or native stone)
- ‘ And pearls unblemish’d, such as deck
- ‘ *Bhavány’s* (*l*) wrist or *Lecsbmy’s* (*m*) neck.

(*k*) A sacred tree like an *Aspin*.

(*l*) The *Indian* VENUS. (*m*) The *Indian* CERES.

- ‘ Each castle ras’d, each city storm’d,
- ‘ Vast loads of pillag’d wealth I form’d,
- ‘ Not for my coffers; though they bore,
- ‘ As you decreed, my lot and more.
- ‘ Too pleas’d the brilliant heap I stor’d,
- ‘ Too charming seem’d the guarded hoard:
- ‘ An odious vice this heart assail’d;
- ‘ Base *Av’rice* for a time prevail’d.

TH’ enchanted orb *ten* cubits flew,
 Strait as the shaft, which *Erjun* drew.

SEHDIO, with youthful ardour bold,
 Thus, penitent, his failings told:

- ‘ From clouds, by folly rais’d, these eyes
- ‘ Experience clear’d, and made me wise;
- ‘ For, when the crash of battle roar’d,
- ‘ When death rain’d blood from spear and sword,

- ‘ When, in the tempest of alarms,
- ‘ Horse roll’d on horse, arms clash’d with arms,
- ‘ Such acts I saw by others done,
- ‘ Such perils brav’d, such trophies won,
- ‘ That, while my patriot bosom glow’d,
- ‘ Though some faint skill, some strength I show’d,
- ‘ And, no dull gazer on the field,
- ‘ This hero flew, that forc’d to yield,
- ‘ Yet, meek humility, to thee,
- ‘ When *Erjun* fought, low sank my knee:
- ‘ But, ere the din of war began,
- ‘ When black’ning cheeks just mark’d the man,
- ‘ Myself invincible I deem’d,
- ‘ And great, without a rival, seem’d.
- ‘ Whene’er I fought the sportful plain,
- ‘ No youth of all the martial train

- ' With arm so strong or eye so true
 ' The *Cheera's* (n) pointed circle threw;
 ' None, when the polish'd cane we bent,
 ' So far the light-wing'd arrow sent;
 ' None from the broad elastick reed,
 ' Like me, gave *Agnyastra* (o) speed,
 ' Or spread its flames with nicer art
 ' In many an unextinguish'd dart;
 ' Or, when in imitated fight
 ' We sported till departing light,
 ' None saw me to the ring advance
 ' With falchion keen or quiv'ring lance,
 ' Whose force my rooted seat could shake,
 ' Or on my steed impression make:
 ' No charioteer, no racer fleet
 ' O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.

(n) A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.

(o) Fire-arms, or rockets, early known in *India*.

- ‘ Next, when the woody heights we fought,
- ‘ With madd’ning elephants I fought:
- ‘ In vain their high-priz’d tusks they gnash’d;
- ‘ Their trunked heads my *Geda* (*p*) mash’d.
- ‘ No buffalo, with phrensy strong,
- ‘ Could bear my clatt’ring thunder long:
- ‘ No pard or tiger, from the wood
- ‘ Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.
- ‘ *Pride* in my heart his mansion fix’d,
- ‘ And with pure drops black poison mix’d.

SWIFT rose the fruit, exalted now
Ten cubits from his natal bough.

FAIR *Dropady*, with soft delay,
 Then spake: ‘ Heav’n’s mandate I obey;

(*p*) A mace, or club.

- ‘ Though nought, essential to be known,
- ‘ Has heav’n to learn, or I to own.
- ‘ When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,
- ‘ In early bloom your handmaid smil’d,
- ‘ *Love of the World* her fancy mov’d,
- ‘ Vain pageantry her heart approv’d :
- ‘ Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,
- ‘ All must admire, when all had seen :
- ‘ A thirst of pleasure and of praise
- ‘ (With shame I speak) engross’d my days ;
- ‘ Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,
- ‘ Free from solicitude for dress ;
- ‘ How best to bind my flowing hair
- ‘ With art, yet with an artless air,
- ‘ (My hair, like musk in scent and hue ;
- ‘ Oh ! blacker far and sweeter too)
- ‘ In what nice braid or glossy curl
- ‘ To fix a diamond or a pearl,

- ‘ And where to smoothe the love-spread toils
- ‘ With nard or jasmin’s fragrant oils;
- ‘ How to adjust the golden *Teic*, (*q*)
- ‘ And most adorn my forehead sleek;
- ‘ What *Condals* (*r*) should emblaze my ears,
- ‘ Like *Seita’s* waves (*s*) or *Seita’s* tears; (*t*)
- ‘ How elegantly to dispose
- ‘ Bright circlets for my well form’d nose;
- ‘ With strings of rubies how to deck,
- ‘ Or em’rald rows, my stately neck,
- ‘ While some that ebon tow’r embrac’d,
- ‘ Some pendent sought my slender waist;

(*q*) Properly *Teica*, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.

(*r*) Pendants. (*s*) *SEITA’ CUND*, or the *Pool* of *Seitá*, the wife of *RAM*, is the name given to the wonderful spring at *Mengeir*, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.

(*t*) Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant *Ráwan*.

- ‘ How next my purfled veil to chuse
- ‘ From filken stores of varied hues ;
- ‘ Which would attract the roving view,
- ‘ Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue ;
- ‘ The loveliest mantle to select,
- ‘ Or unembellish’d or bedeck’d ;
- ‘ And how my twifted scarf to place
- ‘ With most inimitable grace ;
- ‘ (Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
- ‘ For eyes of males not beauty-proof)
- ‘ What skirts the mantle best would suit,
- ‘ Ornate with stars or tiffed fruit,
- ‘ The flow’r-embroider’d or the plain
- ‘ With silver or with golden vein ;
- ‘ The *Chury* (*u*) bright, which gayly shows
- ‘ Fair objects, aptly to compose ;

(*u*) A small mirror worn in a ring.

- ‘ How each smooth arm and each soft wrist
- ‘ By richest *Cefecs* (*w*) might be kifs’d ;
- ‘ While some, my taper ankles round,
- ‘ With funny radiance ting’d the ground.
- ‘ O waste of many a precious hour !
- ‘ O *Vanity*, how vast thy pow’r !’

CUBITS twice four th’ ambrosia flew,
Still from its branch disjoin’d by *two*.

EACH husband now, with wild surprise,
His compeers and his consort eyes ;
When *Yudishteir*: ‘ Thy female breast
‘ Some faults, perfidious, hath suppress’d.
‘ Oh ! give the close-lock’d secret room,
‘ Unfold its bud, expand its bloom ;

E

(*w*) Bracelets.

‘ Left, sinking with our crumbled halls,
 ‘ We see red flames devour their walls.’
 Abash’d, yet with a decent pride,
 Firm *Drapady* the fact denied;
 Till, through an arched alley green,
 The limit of that sacred scene,
 She saw the dreaded *Muny* go
 With steps majestically flow;
 Then said: (a stifled sigh she stole,
 And show’d the conflict of her soul
 By broken speech and flutt’ring heart)
 ‘ One trifle more I must impart:
 ‘ A *Brahmen* learn’d, of pure intent
 ‘ And look demure, one morn you sent,
 ‘ With me, from *Sanscrit* old, to read
 ‘ Each high *Purân*, (x) each holy *Veid*.

(x) A Mythological and Historical Poem.

‘ His thread, which *Brehmá’s* lineage show’d,
 ‘ O’er his left shoulder graceful flow’d;
 ‘ Of *Grishna* and his nymphs he redde,
 ‘ How with nine maids the dance he led;
 ‘ How they ador’d, and he repaid
 ‘ Their homage in the sylvan shade.
 ‘ While this gay tale my spirits cheer’d,
 ‘ So keen the *Pendit’s* eyes appear’d,
 ‘ So sweet his voice—a blameless fire
 ‘ This bosom could not but inspire.
 ‘ Bright as a God he seem’d to stand:
 ‘ The rev’reud volume left his hand,
 ‘ When mine he press’d’ — With deep despair
 Brothers on brothers wildly stare:
 From *Erjun* flew a wrathful glance;
 Tow’rd them they saw their dread advance;
 Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,
 ‘ Hear, said the matron, calmly hear!

‘ By *Tully’s* leaf the truth I speak—

‘ The *Brahmen* ONLY KISS’D MY CHEEK.’

STRAIT its full height the wonder rose,
Glad with its native branch to close.

Now to the walk approach’d the Sage
Exulting in his verdant age:
His hands, that touch’d his front, express’d
Due rev’rence to each princely guest,
Whom to his rural board he led
In simple delicacy spread,
With curds their palates to regale,
And cream-cups from the *Gopia’s* pail.

COULD you, ye Fair, like this black wife,
Restore us to primeval life,

And bid that apple, pluck'd for *Eve*
 By him, who might all wives deceive,
 Hang from its parent bough once more
 Divine and perfect, as before,
 Would you confess your little faults?
 (Great ones were never in your thoughts)
 Would you the secret wish unfold,
 Or in your heart's full casket hold?
 Would you disclose your inmost mind,
 And speak plain truth, to bless mankind?

‘ WHAT! said the Guardian of our realm,
 With waving crest and fiery helm,
 ‘ What! are the fair, whose heav’nly smiles
 ‘ Rain glory through my cherish’d isles,
 ‘ Are they less virtuous or less true
 ‘ Than *Indian* dames of sooty hue?

- ‘ No, by these arms. The cold surmise
- ‘ And doubt injurious vainly rise.
- ‘ Yet dares a bard, who better knows,
- ‘ This point distrustfully propose;
- ‘ Vain fabler now! though oft before
- ‘ His harp has cheer’d my founding shore.’

WITH brow austere the martial maid
 Spoke, and majestic trod the glade:
 To that fell cave her course she held,
 Where *Scandal*, bane of mortals, dwell’d.
 Outstretch’d on filth the pest she found,
 Black fetid venom streaming round:
 A gloomy light just serv’d to show
 The darkness of the den below.
Britannia with restless might
 Soon dragg’d him from his darling night:

The snakes, that o'er his body curl'd,
 And flung his poison through the world,
 Confounded with the flash of day,
 His'd horribly a hellish lay.
 His eyes with flames and blood suffus'd,
 Long to th' ethereal beam unus'd,
 Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd;
 And desperation made him bold:
 Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
 On scaly dragon feet he rose.
 Thus, when *Asurs* with impious rage,
 Durst horrid war with *Dévta's* wage,
 And darted many a burning mass
 E'en on the brow of gemm'd *Cailás*,
 High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,
 The grisly king of *Deits* appear'd.

THE nymph beheld the fiend advance,
 And couch'd her far-extending lance :
 Dire drops he threw ; th' infernal tide
 Her helm and silver hauberk dyed :
 Her moonlike shield before her hung ;
 The monster struck, the monster stung :
 Her spear with many a griding wound
 Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.
 The wretch, from juster vengeance free,
 Immortal born by heav'n's decree,
 With chains of adamant secur'd,
 Deep in cold gloom she left immur'd.

Now reign at will, victorious Fair,
 In *British*, or in *Indian*, air !
 Still with each envying flow'r adorn
 Your tresses radiant as the morn ;

Still let each *Asiatick* dye
 Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
 Still through the dance's laby'rinth float,
 And swell the sweetly-lengthen'd note;
 Still, on proud steeds or glitt'ring cars,
 Rise on the course like beamy stars;
 And, when charm'd circles round you close
 Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,
 Whilst all with eager looks contend
 Their wit or worth to recommend,
 Still let your mild, yet piercing, eyes
 Impartially adjudge the prize.

T H E E N D.



